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ITALIAN VOLUNTEERS.

WE have all need to cry *Pecavi*. We all owe a handsome apology to Italy and the Italians, for many years of involuntary disparagement. If there were one deeply rooted opinion in the British mind, it was, that the Italian was a lymphatic, timorous creature, capable of painting and singing, but entirely destitute of the combative propensity. Even those who have lived among them, and consorted with them, and learned to love them, have doubted whether the soft children of Ausonia could, under any provocation, exhibit the true mettle of warriors resolved to free their country from the stranger's yoke. But Garibaldi stamped on the ground, and up sprang, responsive, a gallant harvest of armed men. Battles won by raw recruits, intrenchments carried at the bayonet's point, kingdoms conquered, and tyrannies broken, shew that the old Roman spirit slumbered, but not in the sleep of death: as the French say of a duellist, Italy 'has given her proofs.' Henceforth, let no man say that Italians are cowards: even the bitterest foes of light and liberty, the Legitimists of France, the Camarillas of Russia, Spain, Austria, must feel a glow of shame suffuse their brazen foreheads, as they utter the old, stale calumny: 'Bah! the Italians cannot fight; it all depends on *ca*—all!' Now, *ca*, of course, means Napoleon III., Emperor of the French. But Italians *can* fight: those gentle, kindly beings, that we liked so much of old, and yet considered as hereditary bondsmen, quite incapable of striking a blow, have flung off king and kaiser, pope and jailer, have borne hunger and wounds, and toil and peril, till the half-incredulous sneer of Europe has changed into an unfeigned cry of sympathy from every free land. Let us consider, in the present breathing-time between the conquest of the South and the emancipation of Venetia, if such is to be the actual resources of Italy, and the basis on which stand the hopes of every friend to freedom. The campaign which shivered the fetters of Lombardy, and doubled the number of Victor Emmanuel's subjects was, of course, chiefly decided by the arms of France. The late victories in the Two Sicilies and the Papal States are purely Italian triumphs; and the chivalric enterprises of Garibaldi have derived an additional lustre and interest from the fact, that the companions of the hero's desperate fortunes were not disciplined and seasoned troops, but volunteers, lacking all things but valour. Volunteers! Italian volunteers! Three years ago, if I had mentioned such a chimera as an Italian volunteer force to the oldest British residents in Florence or Naples, I should have been laughed to scorn as a crazy

crochet-monger. Indeed, nobody is so thoroughly surprised at this resuscitation of the antique patriotism and daring as the old residents—the 'thirty years in the country, sir, and know the Italians, sir, as well as I know my glove, sir,' gentry. Some of them, as Mrs Browning, for instance, are so full of joy at this grand jail-delivery of a most patient, accomplished, and lovable people, that they can find no time to recant old errors, while singing peans of victory. Some, less ingenuous, discover that they always knew the Ausonians were of true metal, and remember all at once that Napoleon's very best foreign soldiers were drawn from Italy, and his very worst from Belgium; which latter proposition few who know King Leopold's realm will be disposed to call in question. But most Anglo-Italians honestly own that they have been all wrong in their estimate of the latent powers of the genial and pleasant race they have spent so many happy years among, and begin, for the first time, to respect the people they were wont to look upon with somewhat too much of patronising affection. As for Lamoricière, that dreadful paladin of the Church has seen good cause to change his opinion of the maligned Italians, and may say with Sir Andrew, that 'an he had known they had been so cunning of fence, he would have seen them (excommunicated) before he would have fought with them.' But what are the hopes and sinews of Italy, on which she is to rely for the struggle that is surely coming, for that great game where Venice and Milan are the stakes of the antagonists; that game which every one, except the editor of the *Moniteur*, who never knows anything until it is 'communicated,' is anxiously awaiting?

First of all, there is the excellent army of Piedmont, which, allowing for non-effectives and garrisons, may be computed at 100,000 to 120,000. Then the Florentine levies, perhaps 30,000; besides which, there are the National Guards of Piedmont, Lombardy, Parma, Modena, Tuscany, and the Legations; the trained troops of Naples, of whom many, even of those now blindly battling for the Bourbon, will doubtless be available for the national cause before the spring shall usher in the crowning strife; and lastly, the volunteers. The latter are the romantic element in that great epic of *Italia Liberata*, now in course of composition, under the joint-authorship of Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi. They are the men who won Sicily against fabulous odds, who helped to free Lombardy, who drove young Nero from the city where, in his brief lease of power, he had contrived to equal if not surpass the barbarities of old Domitian of the Borbonides, that unteachable race. But whence come these volunteers—these gallant patriots, whose red shirts have become historical; before whose tattered and shoeless cohorts the

well-clad, well-drilled, well-fed mercenaries of the Bourbon have fled like hares before the hunter?—From the towns. Whence come those youthful nobles, giving up the voluptuous indolence of their class, leaving palace, and banquet, and ball, all that enervates and lulls to sleep the spirit of man, to face death on the battle-field and death on the scaffold, the loathsome dungeon, the weary march, the dreadful night after the lost combat, when the wounded cry for water and aid, and there are none to succour them?—From the towns. Whence, lastly, come artists and students, men of letters and men of science, the young workman, the stripling, the school-boy; all, all eager to strike one blow for Italy—one blow, though it should be the first and the last, and the fair bright life just opening before them should be ended amid the carnage of some obscure skirmish, some nameless deed of arms: whence come they?—From the towns. They come from the towns where Rome, in the day of her wisdom, planted those firm municipal institutions which have kept the germ of liberty alive, which have kept man from becoming a machine or a serf, and which have resisted the violence of the Austrian, the slow tooth of Time, and the slower but surer influence of Superstition, until at last the hour of deliverance has struck. This burden has fallen so entirely on the towns, because the country is asleep, because rural Italy has drunk of the drugged wine, and lain down to rest under the great upas-tree; and it will take the lapse of a generation to break that unhealthy repose, and to awake the slumberers from the heavy sloth of ages. Long ago, rural Italy was slow to learn, when all the rest of the peninsula—every town, from Naples with her crown of flowers, to Alp-shadowed Milan—had the new lessons of a dawning Christianity by heart. But the villagers, the rustics, went on in the old path, and burned incense on heathen altars, and slew white bulls in Jove's honour, as their sires had done, and earned the name of pagans—which meant but country-folk at first—for all the worshippers of graven images, then and for ever. They are on their knees to idols still, the poor simple millions of Italy—although not to those of the Olympian hierarchy. They worship Power—that is to say, not intelligent creative power, but Brute Force; the force that has its spies and myrmidons, and its loathly jails, where men rot and mildew in the dark, and its knotted scourges, racks, and chains, and deadly weapons. They worship the iron heel that grinds the weak to powder, the Power that can sentence Beppo to the galleys, and Giacomo to be shot to death by a platoon of stolid-faced, apathetic German grenadiers, and Madilena to undergo the torture of the lash in the nearest barrack-square for wearing a ribbon of the forbidden tricolor—the green, white, and red of United Italy. Poor peasants! they have suffered much, and it is hard to blame them if they fall prostrate before the shadow of Beadledom, and kneel before an official cocked-hat.

Their other idol is simply Superstition. For this, also, it is hard to find fault with them. Their credulous meekness has for centuries been a gold-mine to their spiritual pastors and masters. While the towns of Italy have been curbing papal usurpations, driving popes into exile, and struggling against diplomatic cardinals and mitred warriors, the hamlets have been utterly submissive to the first authoritative voice that bade them to obey. In Florence, Venice, or Milan, you observe the ecclesiastic in his most polished condition; demure Dom Basilio glides past you like a black shadow, with his pious eyes bent ever on his little breviary, his lips murmuring prayers, his soul on heavenly thoughts intent. The gentle abbé gives you more than your fair share of the footpath, steps courteously out of your way; and if you speak to him, you will find him as inoffensive a conversationist as Sterne's Franciscan, not at all disposed to breathe

anathemas or hold controversies, but mildly sighing over the blindness of the insular heretic—nothing more. In a city, the barefooted, bareheaded, long-bearded Capuchin in his brown frock, he whose glory it is to be dressed after the exact fashion of the earliest Christians, is a saint that goes through busy mart, and past gorgeous palaces, with noiseless step, wrapped in beatific contemplation. Change the scene to the country, to some straggling village among the slopes of Apennine—where the broad shadow of the chestnut-trees sets off the glint of the golden maize—where the purple grapes hang in a thousand heavy clusters from the tendrils of the vines—where the giant crucifix towers aloft by the roadside, and the fruit-trees and flowers form a jungle around the white cottages and the gray farmhouses: there you see the priest again, but how changed! Can that portly cura, with the twinkling eyes and sensual mouth, with pantomimic hat and *soutane* of shabby black, be our old friend Dom Basilio? His breviary is on the shelf now; his eyes, once so demurely riveted on that meagre volume, now rove about freely enough, and, as he meets your gaze, he returns it boldly, and perhaps with defiance; for is not Basilio on his own territory now, in his cure of souls, among unlettered gulls, who are willing to swallow a new dogma a day, if the Vatican will but coin one, and who cower before Basilio as a negro before the fetchman? The holy man is infallible here, at least—a pontiff who can do no wrong; and although he shares his sovereignty with some shabby and greedy official in a cocked-hat, yet he contrives to live on the fat of the land, and really is what Goldsmith's parson was said to be—rich, nay, passing rich, on forty pounds a year. The Capuchin, too, is in his own element now; he moves with a lordly stride as he passes from door to door with his heavy wallet, and collects his maintenance: oily and sleek, with roguish eye, and the jovial bearing of Friar Tuck himself, you can scarcely recognise in that lazy, barefooted giant, consuming what he never toiled to raise, the picturesque saint of the city. Even his serge garb and rope-girdle are jauntily worn now, and you marvel to see the reverence with which the peasants greet so irreverent a pillar of the church. But so it is; corn, and wine, and oil, the childlike obedience of young and old, the often fearfully abused influence of the confessional, the first-fruits and the best, are at the disposal of every ignorant and luxurious cura or friar, whose dog-Latin is listened to as the wisdom of a prophet—and all the more humbly because it is unintelligible. Under such a yoke as this, how could rural Italy improve, how learn the lessons of a higher morality or a newer civilisation in the midst of such abasement and thick darkness?

There is never a book to be seen in the remote villages except the *Lives of the Saints*; the chief works of art with which a peasant is acquainted are little leaden images of our Lady of Loretto, St Antonies carved in bone, rosaries of wood or coral, and other ecclesiastical ornaments. The dealers in these articles, when in partnership with the cura, can drive a lucrative trade among the villagers, especially about Easter. Then the mule-loads of leaden effigies, of gaudy prints coloured in blue and red, with glaring golden haloes around each saintly head—the beads of every colour and material, from mosaic gold that the pope has blessed, to dried berries strung on a pack-thread—the pamphlets, and the crosses, are consigned to the most secluded of villages, with a certainty of fiftyfold profit. Indeed, so wonderful is the reverence of the Italian rustics, that they not only obey and adore the violet-mantled Monsignor on his well-groomed mule, the umbrella-hatted parochial priest, with his rusty black suit, and the brown Capuchins and dusky Dominicans, but they are willing to treat as a superior being any smug Tartuffe who comes among them to trade in gum-saints and miracle-pictures. Under these circumstances, it is scarcely

surprising that the country-people should have left Garibaldi and the townsfolk of Italy to fight the battles of the community at large. It is true that many mountaineers of Sicily, and a great number of the hardy hillmen of Calabria, poured forth to swell the Liberator's cohorts; but it was soon discovered that they had only girded on the sword to strike a blow for their own district; when Venice was pointed out to the Calabrians as the goal of their efforts, to the disgust of Garibaldi they refused to volunteer. What was Venice to them, to men who cared for nothing beyond their own mountains, who had risen to shake off the tyranny of the judge and the gendarme, whom they knew, not to battle with the Austrian, whom they did not know? Accordingly, until the rule of Victor Emmanuel shall extend definitely from one end of the peninsula to the other, and a conscription call forth as soldiers those sturdy hinds who decline to become volunteers, the whole brunt of the combat must be sustained by the citizens as heretofore. Unfortunately, the loss of life, without which national freedom cannot be attained, has hitherto fallen most severely on those very classes that Italy can spare the least—the very pioneers of her nascent regeneration. The cities contain the brains, the heart, the nerves of the nation; all the education, the thoughtfulness, the knowledge of that fair but unhappy land, are collected there, and too many of those who would have been invaluable to their country in time of peace, are now carrying a musket in the ranks.

To do the Italians justice, one ought to remember what a town was, under the old despotism, and to marvel that any trace of conscience or of liberty was kept from obliteration, considering the pains taken to crush thought and thinkers. The grass-grown streets of an Italian city seldom rang to the sounds of a very bustling traffic; commerce was distasteful to the rulers of the land, for it was deemed easier to bridle an impoverished people than a wealthy one. There were theatres large and well filled, but the censor's scissors were busy in pruning down every obnoxious sentiment in the dramas. *William Tell* and *Masaniello* must talk loyally, or be dumb; and so wonderful were the sentiments interpolated into the best known pieces, that it would have taken a wise author to recognise his own productions. Literature fared no better. The wretched little newspapers which the government permitted to appear, were snipped and docked as to news, tamed and diluted as to sentiments. Books were all but proscribed; in the Roman States, there was the black-list, the *Index Expurgatorius*, which condemned nineteen-twentieths of our modern volumes, and which waged especial war against history and science. Where the Austrian or Bourbon influence extended, a police prefect had his own catalogue of forbidden books, and carried his theories into practice with a rigour worthy of old Omar himself. In many small towns, no bookseller dared offer publicly anything but the *Lives of the Saints*, the works bearing the imprimatur of the Vatican, and the translated lucubrations of 'safe' Frenchmen of genius, such as Chateaubriand. Yet the smuggler did what the open trader could not do; and in Rome, Naples, or Ancona any book in the French or English tongue might be had for the asking of a *bonâ-fide* Gaul or Briton. With a stunted literature, a gagged theatre, and a leaden weight of repression pressing on everything, even the Italians of the towns had a hard struggle to keep their position as sentient, thoughtful beings. There was no parliamentary life for them, no public career, no military ambition, no honours to be won by literary merit. Demosthenes himself would not have sought to cure his stammering, when the first outbreak of oratory would have been the Open Sesame to the sullen gates of those great prisons which closed on their victims like those of a tomb. As for literature, it cannot flourish under

sacerdotal ban and martial law. Poor Manzoni's novels, dull as they are, comprise nearly all that the countrymen of Boccaccio, Dante, and Ariosto have produced since the century began. As for a military career, to wear the white coat of the Austrian oppressor was no great distinction, and the Italian officer had much to endure from the undisguised scorn of his Teutonic comrades, and the endless suspicion, the sneers, the disparagement which were the lot of most Italians in the imperial service. Then, as a young native of Italy could with difficulty obtain a sufficient education, as it was only by breach of law that he could expand his mind by the perusal of ungarbled history and accurate information, as almost every walk in life was sealed to him, so he found it almost impossible to travel.

At any rate, if we, subjects of Queen Victoria, are obliged to provide ourselves with a Foreign Office passport before we start on a continental trip, we are not obliged to explain categorically, and to the satisfaction of some captious Jack-in-office, *why* we want it. But such was the fate of the Italian who wished to travel in the lax West of Europe. He had to undergo a cross-examination that a *visi prius* barrister might have envied. The places he wished to visit, and his reasons for wishing to visit them, were demanded; his allegations were pooh-poohed, and his assertions rudely contradicted. A sort of memoir of his life was required of him, with a slight account of his family connections and the doings and sayings of his relatives. Testimonials of good-conduct, sureties bound under heavy penalties for his return, and bail for his debts, were also necessary. Even then, his petition—like one to the House of Commons at election-time—was in danger of being rejected as 'frivolous and vexatious;' while, if he got his passport, he was sure to be under an indirect surveillance during his whole journey, his movements noted in Paris by spy Number One, his intimacies in London cavilled at by spy Number Two, and his conversation at Frankfurt taken down in writing by spy Number Three, for the information of Il Signor Prefetto in his native town. The Italian is not very domestic; he loves the coffee-house, with its lamps and little marble tables, its noise and gossip, the white awning before the door in sultry summer, and the stove in winter attracting its circle of talkers; but in the coffee-house, too, was to be found that omnipresent thumb which Italian governments were used to keep in every man's pie.

The Italian *caffè*, with two *fs*, seems but a dingy affair beside the French *café*, with a single *f*; but there is much more good-natured intercourse and simple-hearted mirth in the former than in the latter. Plate-glass and gilded cornices, and mirrors and marqueterie, cannot compensate for the genial kindness so peculiar to gentle Italy; and the stranger is welcomed by the inmates of the 'Minerva' or 'Europa,' when he would meet but a stare or a sneer at the 'Maison Dorée' of Paris. But here steps in the government, represented by a slinking person buttoned up in unobtrusive black. As he comes in—the man buttoned up in black—there is a hush and a painful silence; a silence among those eager politicians who have been slapping the newspapers with their open palms as they gesticulated with eyebrows, hands, shoulders, and feet, while discussing the state of Europe—a silence, too, among those young men who were flavouring their lemonade with a little of that peculiar good-humoured stingless scandal which none but Italians can produce—a silence among those pale high-browed men, who were discussing geology, or history, or medicine, with a gusto only known to those who can speak but seldom of what they think much upon. Yes, for this mean man in black is Signor Anguilli, the great spy, who has brought scores to the scourge and the life-long monotony of the prison—he who has added betrayal to betrayal, denunciation to denunciation, until he has become

too notorious for further secret espials, a snake that sounds his rattle as he goes. As Anguilli settles himself at a table, and calls for coffee, but does not drink it, lest there be poison in the cup, every brow is dark, every hand is clenched, with hate that scarcely shews itself before it subsides, like a ripple in water. Then the conversation begins anew, but the zest is gone, every word is weighed and studied, lest treason lurk in it, and there is plenty of talk, but no more pleasure.

While such was the ordeal of the men, the feminine part of the community had pitfalls of their own. Their confessions were their chief perils, ever keeping their minds on the rack, turning the confessional into a witness-box, and using the terrors of the church to extract some hint respecting their husbands, brothers, or parents, which soon served to enlighten the Austrian commandant or the royal prefect. Then came the police arrest, the hurrying off of the suspected man, under cloud of night, to a jail that hid him from the world, and which might disgorge him old and gray; or a moping idiot, or a corpse, according to the caprice of an irresponsible official. It is a wonder that under such a system there is any true manhood, any real knowledge of right and wrong, left in misused Italy. As it is, all the heroism, the passionate devotion, the high intelligence, the admirable forbearance, seem to belong to the towns alone. No doubt, universal suffrage will always give an overwhelming majority to every fresh vote for Italian unity, for the 'great and strong kingdom' that Cavour has pledged himself to consolidate; but that is because, before such a vote can be taken, the Piedmontese bayonets hold the country; because the priests are frightened, and the landholders eager partisans of the dawning freedom. The landholders of Italy very rarely inhabit the country; you do not see the Squire's mansion neighboured by the humbler roofs of his tenants; such châteaux as exist belong to the principal nobles, and are only inhabited for a short part of the year. But there are in Italy an immense number of proprietors, such as in Ireland would be called Squireens, and who own as much land as maintains them in idleness, if not in luxury. These small proprietors usually live in some provincial town within hail of their patrimony, and maintain a little shooting-box, or, more properly, a lodge, which they call their 'Campagna,' to which they can resort for a day or two during vintage, or when quails are plenty, or when rents are due. The farms are usually let to peasant-farmers on the *métairie* system, so prevalent in Italy, and still existing in France, but which is utterly opposed to modern notions of agriculture. The proprietor not only supplies the land, but tools to work it; in some cases, cattle, and always seed-corn, and grain for the support of the tenant, his family, and labourers. The *métayer* furnishes nothing in this quaint partnership but his industry and skill. Extra labour, improvements, fencing, draining, are the landlord's affair. Nor is any certain rent paid in money or in kind. When the harvest is over, and the vintage done, and the olives have passed through the oil-press—when the flax has been carded—when the wheat and yellow maize, the purple wine, the figs and apples, the rice and the chestnuts, and walnuts and peaches, all the miscellaneous products of an Italian farm, are garnered away, the Signor Patron is invited to come and claim his share. Signor Patron comes over from the town, jingling in his rickety carriage, drawn by the raw-boned horses, with clamorous bells and flaunting tassels of worsted. Often it happens that Signor Patron is a young man, a little addicted to dissipation, very fond of dominoes, cigars, and card-playing, and a patron of the Opera, but a very poor authority on matters bucolic. The tenant, grumbling about bad seasons, exhausted land, insects, blight, and such topics, shews his lord the barns and stores filled with the raw material of comfort, the swine

grunting under the beech-trees, the folded sheep, the colts, poultry, pigeons, buffaloes, and bids him take his moiety of living and inanimate matter. Well, at the best, it would be no agreeable task to make the distribution equally and fairly, to cart off to the town loads of every kind of produce, to house it, and sell it. Besides, the Patron must rely on his tenant's good faith. What can he know of porkers sold last week; of kine lent to a convenient neighbour; of buried grain or flax concealed, or good wine changed for bad?—however good the crop, the landlord's portion is uncertain. Sometimes, Signor Patron goes through the division, wrangling over every item, if he be an avaricious patron; wheedled out of his due, if he be a careless one. More often he calls in a middleman, who buys the landlord's share, not at too high a rate; or he begs the farmer to sell all, and give him his moiety in dollars; and the farmer grumbles a little, but will do anything to oblige Signor Patron, though markets are bad and coin scarce. In fact, the lazy proprietor does not get the lion's share in such an arrangement; but he *does* get a certain amount of cash, rattles off in his carriage with heavy pocket and light heart, and returns to his cheap amusements in town. It seems hard, but I am afraid the farmer grudges the landowner's profits terribly. Go where you will, in Italy, you find the same feeling, hear the same murmur against the idle Signor Patron, who spins not nor sows, but who comes over, cigar in mouth, once or twice a year, and returns with his purse stocked as fully as he can manage without much trouble. If there is any cause for which the peasant would really take up arms with a will, it would be for a rude illogical communism—a communism that should leave the bronzed farmer his goats and wine-vats, but should annihilate the Dragon Rent, and confiscate at once and for ever the revenues of the *maladetti signori*. Now, Signor Patron, though a rake and a lounge, is at anyrate a patriot, and a man of some mind and courage: he has volunteered and fought bravely under Garibaldi or the king; he has given his money, his time, and his influence to the great work; he, and the *cura* together, will bring up the peasantry in dutiful swarms to vote for annexation and the *Ré Galantuomo*. But there is one thing that Signor Patron cannot do, and that is, to convert the indifferent and debased tillers of the earth into a corps of Italian Volunteers.

THE WILD HUNTRESS.

CHAPTER LXXX.—SPIRITUAL WIVES.

I JOINED not in the merriment of my companions; I took no share in their mirth. The trapper's story had intensified the anguish of my thoughts; and now that I found time to dwell upon it, my reflections were bitter beyond expression.

I could have no doubt as to who was the heroine of that strange history. She who had been so shamefully deceived—she who had so nobly risked her life to save her honour—she the wild huntress, by the Utahs called *Ma-ra-nee*—could be no other than that *Marian*, of whom I had heard so much—*Marian Holt*!

The circumstances detailed by the trapper were all conformable to this belief—all concurred in establishing it. The time—the place—the route taken—the Mormon train—all agreed with what we had ascertained regarding Stebbins's first expedition across the prairies. The Mexican had mentioned no names. It was likely he knew them not; or if so, it was scarcely probable he could have pronounced them.

It needed not names to confirm me in the belief that Josh Stebbins was the sham-husband, and that she whom he would have betrayed—this huntress-maiden, was the lost love of my comrade Wingrove—the sister of my own Lillian.

This would account for the resemblance that had struck me. It no longer seemed vague; in my memory, I could trace it palpably and clearly.

And this was the grand beauty upon which the young backwoodsman had so enthusiastically desecrated. Often had he described it to my incredulous ear. I had attributed his praises to the partiality of a lover's eye—having not the slightest suspicion that their object was possessed of such merits. No more should I question the justice of his admiration, nor wonder at its warmth. The rude hyperboles that had occasionally escaped him, when speaking of the 'girl'—as he called her—no longer appeared extravagant.

In truth, the charms of this magnificent maiden were worthy of metaphoric phrase. Perhaps, had I seen her first—before looking upon Lillian—that is, had I not seen Lillian at all—my own heart might have yielded to this half-Indian damsel? Not so now. The gaudy tulip may attract the eye, but the incense of the perfumed violet is sweeter to the soul. Even had both been presented together, I could not have hesitated in my choice. All the same should I have chosen the gold and the rose; and my heart's preference was now fixed, fondly and for ever.

My love for Lillian Holt was a passion too profound to be otherwise than perpetual. It was in my bosom—in its innermost recesses, all-pervading—all-absorbing. There would it cling till death.

Even in those dread hours when death seemed hovering above my head, the thought of her was uppermost—even then did my mind dwell upon the perils that encompassed her path.

And now that I was myself delivered from danger, had I reason to regard the future of my beloved with apprehension less acute? No. The horrid scheme which the trapper's story had disclosed in regard to her sister—might not she, too, be the victim of a similar procurement? O Heaven! it was too painfully probable; and the more I dwelt upon it, the more probable appeared this appalling thought.

I have already spoken of my experience of Mormon life, and the insight I had incidentally obtained of its hideous characteristics. I have said that the *spiritual-wife* doctrine was long since exploded—repudiated even by the apostles themselves; and in its place the *many-wife* system had been adopted. There was no change in reality—only in profession. The practice of the Mormon leaders had been the same from the beginning; only that then polygamy had been carried on *sub rosa*. Publicity being no longer dreaded, it was now practised 'openly and above board.'

We term it polygamy—adopting an oriental phrase. It is nothing of the kind. Polygamy presupposes some species of marriage according to the laws of the land; but for Mormon matrimony—at least that indulged in by the dignitaries of the church—there were no statutes except such as they had chosen to set up for themselves. The ceremony is simply a farce, and consists in the sprinkling of a little water by some brother apostle, with a few mock-mesmeric passes—jocosely termed the 'laying on of hands!' The cheat is usually a secret performance; having no other object than to overcome those natural scruples—not very strong among women of Mormon training—but which sometimes, in the case of young girls of Christian education, had opposed themselves to the designs of these infamous impostors.

Something resembling matrimony may be the condition of a Mormon wife—that is, the wife of an ordinary 'Saint,' whose means will not allow him to indulge in the gross joys of polygamy. But it is different with the score or two of well-to-do gentlemen who finger the finances of the church—the tenths and other tributes which they contrive to extract from the common herd. Among these, the so-called 'wife' is regarded in no other light than that of *une femme entretenue*.

I knew that one of the duties specially enjoined

upon those emissaries termed 'apostles,' was to gather young girls from all parts of the world. The purpose was proclaimed with all the affectation of sanctified phraseology; that they should become 'mothers in the church,' and by this means lead to the more rapid increase of the followers of the true faith!

This was the public declaration, intended for the common ear. But the leaders are actuated by motives still more infamous. Their emissaries have instructions to select the fairer forms of creation; and it is well known that to making converts of this class are their energies more specially directed.

It was this species of proselytising—alas! too often successful—that more than aught else had roused the indignation of the backwoodsmen of Missouri and Illinois, and caused the expulsion of the Saints from their grand temple city of Nauvoo.

In the ranks of their assailants were many outraged men—fathers who looked for a lost child—angry brothers seeking revenge for a sister lured from her home—lovers who lamented a sweetheart beguiled by that fatal faith; and no doubt the blood of the pseudo-Saints, there and then shed, was balm to many a chafed and sorrowing spirit.

In the category of this uxorious infamy, no name was more distinguished than that of him, on whose shoulders the mantle of the prophet had descended—the chief who now held ascendancy among these self-styled saints; and who, with an iron hand, controlled the destinies of their church.

A man cunning and unscrupulous—a thorough plebeian in thought; but possessed of a certain pretentious polish, well suited to deceive the stupid herd that surrounds him, and sufficient for the character he is called upon to play—a debauchee boldly declared, and scarcely caring for the hypocrisy of concealment—above all, a thorough despot, whose will is law to all around him; and when needing enforcement, can at any hour pretend to the sanction of authority from Heaven—such is the head of the Mormon Church!

With both the temporal and spiritual power in his hands—legislative, executive, and judicial united—the fiscal too, for the prophet is sole treasurer of the *tenths*—this monster of imposition wields a power equalled only by the barbaric chiefs of Africa, or the rajahs of Ind. It might truly be said, that both the souls and bodies of his subjects are his, and not their own. The former he can control, and shape to his designs at will. As for the latter, though he may not take life openly, it is well known that his sacred edict issued to the 'destroying angels,' is equally efficacious to kill. Woe betide the Latter-day Saint, who dares to dream of dissent or apostasy! Woe to him who expresses disaffection, or even discontent! Too surely may he dread a mysterious punishment—too certainly expect the midnight visitation of the *Danites*!

Exercising such influence over Mormon men, it is almost superfluous to add that his control over Mormon women is still more complete. Virtue, assailed under the mask of a spiritual hypocrisy, is apt to give way—alas! too easily—in all parts of the world; but in a state of society where such slips are rather a fashion than a disgrace, it is needless to say that they are of continual occurrence. The practice of the pseudo-prophet in wife-taking has very little limit, beyond that fixed by his own desires. It is true he may not outrage certain formalities, by openly appropriating the wives of his followers; but should he fancy to become the *husband* of their daughters, not only is there no opposition offered on their part, but the base proposal is regarded in the light of an honour! So esteemed it the women from whom Marian Holt had run away—preferring the perils of starvation and savage life to such gentle companionship!

Thus contemplating the character of that vulgar Alcibiades, for whose harem she had been designed—

in full knowledge of the circumstances which now surrounded her sister—how could I deem the situation of Lilian otherwise than similar—her destiny the same?

With such a tyrant to betray, such a father to protect, no wonder that I trembled for her fate! No wonder that the drops of sweat—forced from me by my soul's agony—broke out like beads upon my brow!

CHAPTER LXXXI.

THE DEATH-SONG.

Prostrated in spirit, I had sunk down among the rocks, covering my face with my hands. So occupied was I with wild imaginings, that I saw not the Utah women as they passed down the valley. They had not come up to the butte, nor made halt near, but had hurried directly onward to the scene of the conflict. I had for the moment forgotten them; and was only reminded of their proximity on hearing the death-wail, as it came pealing up the valley. It soon swelled into a prolonged and plaintive chorus, interrupted only by an occasional shriek, that denoted the discovery of some relative among the slain—father, brother, husband, or, perhaps, still nearer and dearer, some worshipped lover—who had fallen before the spears of the Arapahoes.

Was Marance among them?

The thought roused me from my reverie of wretchedness. A gleam of joy had shot suddenly across my mind. It was the wild huntress that had given origin to it—on her a hope rested.

She must be seen! No time should be lost in communicating with her. Had she accompanied the women of the tribe? Was she upon the ground?

I rose to my feet, and was going towards my horse. I saw Wingrove advancing towards me. The old shadow had returned to his brow. I might exult in the knowledge of being able to dispel it—once and for ever! Fortunate fellow! little dreamed he at that moment how I held his happiness in my hand—how, with one word, I could raise from off his breast the load that for six long months had weighed heavily upon it!

Yes—a pleasant task was before me. Though my own heart bled, I could stop the bleeding of his—of hers, both in a breath. Now, or not yet?

I hesitated. I can scarcely tell why. Perhaps it was that I might enjoy a double delight—by making the disclosure to both of them at once? I had a sweet surprise for both—to both, no doubt, it would be a revelation that would yield the most rapturous joy.

Should I bring them face to face, and leave them to mutual explanations? This was the question that had offered itself, and caused me to hesitate and reflect.

But no. I could not thus sport with hearts that loved. I could not procrastinate that exquisite happiness, now so near. At once let them enter upon its enjoyment!

But both could not be made happy exactly at the same instant? One or other must be first told the glad truth that was in store for them? Apart they must be told it; and to which was I to give the preference?

I resolved to follow that rule of polite society which extends priority to the softer sex. Wingrove must wait!

It was only with an effort I could restrain myself from giving him a hint of his proximate bliss. I was sustained in the effort, however, by observing the manner in which he approached me. Evidently he had some communication to make that concerned our future movements? Up to that moment, there had been no time—even to think of the future.

'I've got somethin' to say to you, capt'n,' said he, drawing near, and speaking in a serious tone; 'it's

better, maybe, ye shed know it afore we go furrer. The girl's been givin' me some particklers o' the carryvan that I ain't told you.'

'What girl?'

'The Chicasaw—Su-wa-nee.'

'Oh—true. What says she? Some pleasant news I may anticipate, since she has been the bearer of them?'

It was not any lightness of heart that caused me to give an ironical form to the interrogative. Far from that.

'Well, capt'n,' replied my comrade, 'it is rayther ugly news the red-skinned devil's told me; but I don know how much truth thar's in it; for I've foun' her out in more'n one lie about this bizness. She's been wi' the carryvan, however, an' shed know all about it.'

'About what?' I asked.

'Well—Su-wa-nee says that the carryvan's broke up into two.'

'Ha!'

'One half o' it, wi' the dragoons, hes turned south, torst Santa Fe; the other, which air all Mormons, hev struck off northardy, by a different pass, an' on a trail that makes for thar new settlements on Salt Lake.'

'There's not much news in that. We had anticipated something of the kind?'

'But thar's worse, capt'n.'

'Worse!—what is it, Wingrove?'

I put the question with a feeling of renewed anxiety.

'Holt's gone wi' the Mormons.'

'That too had expected. It does not surprise me in the least.'

'Ah! capt'n,' continued the backwoodsman with a sigh, while an expression of profound sadness pervaded his features, 'thar's uglier news still.'

'Ha!' I involuntarily exclaimed, as an evil suspicion crossed my mind. 'News of her? Quick! tell me! has aught happened to her?'

'The worst that kud happen, I reck'n—she's dead!'

I started as if a shot had passed through my heart. Its convulsive throbbing stifled my speech; I could not get breath to utter a word; but stood gazing at my companion in silent agony.

'Arter all,' continued he, in a tone of bitter resignation, 'I don know if it air the worst. I sayed afore, an' I say so still, thet I'd ruther she war dead than in the arms o' thet ere stinkin' Mormon. Poor Marian! She's hed but a short life o' 't, an' not a very merry one eyether.'

'What! Marian? Is it of her you are speaking?'

'Why, sartin, capt'n. Who else shed it be?'

'Marian dead?'

'Yes—poor girl, she never lived to see that Salt Lake city—whar the cussed varmint war takin' her. She died on the way out, an' war berryed som'rs on the paraireys. I wish I knew whar—I'd go to see the grave.'

'Ha! ha! ha! Whose story is this?'

My companion looked at me in amazement. The laugh, at such a time, must have sounded strange to his ears.

'The Indyen heerd it from Lil,' replied Wingrove, still puzzled at my behaviour. 'Stebbins had told it to Holt, an' to her likeways. Poor young creetur! I reck'n he'll be a wantin' her too, now thet he's lost the other. Poor little Lil!'

'Cheer, comrade, cheer! Either Su-wa-nee or Stebbins has lied—belike both of them, for both had a purpose to serve—the Mormon to deceive the girl's father—the Indian to do the same with you. The story is false. Marian Holt is not dead.'

'Marian ain't dead?'

'No, she lives—she has been true to you. Listen! I could no longer keep from him the sweet secret.

The reaction—consequent on the bitter pang I had just experienced, while under the momentary belief that it was Lillian who was dead—had stirred my spirit, filling it with a wild joy. I longed to impart the same emotions to my suffering companion; and in rapid detail I ran over the events that had occurred since our parting.

To the revelations which the Mexican had made, Wingrove listened with frantic delight—only interrupting me with frenzied exclamations that bespoke his soul-felt joy.

When I had finished, he cried out:

'She was forced to go! I thort so! I knew it! Whar is she, capt'n? Oh, take me to her. I'll fall on my knees. I'll axe her a thousand times to pardon me. 'Twar the Indyen's fault. I'll swar it war the Chicasaw. She's been the cuss of us both. Oh! whar is Marian? I love her more than iver! Whar is she?'

'Patience!' I said; 'you shall see her presently. She must be down the valley, among the women. Mount your horse, and follow me!'

CHAPTER LXXXII.

MARANEE.

We had ridden around the butte, and come in sight of the crowd of wailing women, when some one on horseback was seen emerging from their midst, and turning head towards us.

The habiliments of the rider told that she was a woman. I recognised the Navajo scarf, and plumed circlet, as those worn by the wild huntress. It was she who had separated from the crowd!

Had I needed other evidence to identify her, I had it in the large wolf-like animal that was bounding after her, keeping pace with the gallop of her horse.

'Behold!' I said. 'Yonder is Marian—your own Marian!'

'It air, as I'm a livin' man! I mightn't a know'd her in that strange dress, but yon's her dog. It's Wolf. I kud tell him anywhar.'

'On second thoughts,' suggested I, 'perhaps, I had better see her first, and prepare her for meeting you? What say you?'

'Jest as you like, capt'n. P'raps it mout be the better way.'

'Ride behind the wagon, then! Stay there till I give you a signal to come forth.'

Obedient to the injunction, my companion trotted back, and disappeared behind the white tilt.

I saw that the huntress was coming towards the mound; and, instead of going forth to meet her, I remained upon the spot where we had halted.

A few minutes sufficed to bring her near; and I was impressed more than ever with the grand beauty of this singular maiden.

She was mounted in the Indian fashion, with a white goat-skin for a saddle, and a simple thong for a stirrup; while the bold style in which she handled her horse, told that, whatever had been her early training, she of late must have had sufficient practice in equestrian manoeuvres. The steed she bestrode was a large chestnut-coloured mustang; and as the fiery creature reared and bounded over the turf, the magnificent form of its rider was displayed to advantage. She still carried her rifle; and was equipped just as I had seen her in the morning, but now sharing the spirit of her steed, and further animated by the exciting incidents—still in the act of occurrence—her countenance exhibited a style of beauty, not the less charming from the wildness and *braverie* that characterised it.

Truly had she merited the hyperbole of praise which the young backwoodsman had oft lavished upon her. To all that he had said, the most critical connoisseur would have given his accord. No wonder that Wingrove had been able to resist the fascinations of the simpering syrens of Swanpville—no wonder that

Su-wa-nee had solicited in vain! Truly was this wild huntress an attractive object—in charms far excelling the goddess of the Ephesians. Never was there such mate for a hunter! Well might Wingrove rejoice at the prospect before him!

Her voice roused me from my reverie of admiration.

'Ho, stranger!' said she, reining up by my side, 'you are safe, I see! All has gone well?'

'I was in no danger: I had no opportunity of entering into the fight.'

'So much the better—there were enough of them without you. But your fellow-travellers? Do they still survive? I have come to inquire about them.'

'Thanks to you and good-fortune, they are still alive—even he who was scalped, and we had believed to be dead.'

'Ah! is the scalped man living?'

'Yes; he has been badly wounded, and otherwise ill used; but we have hopes of his recovery.'

'Take me to him! I have learned a little surgery from my Indian friends. Let me see him! Perhaps I may be of some service to your comrade?'

'We have already dressed his wounds, and I believe nothing more can be done for him except by time. But I have another comrade who suffers from wounds of a different nature, *which you alone can cure*.'

'Wounds of a different nature!' repeated she, evidently puzzled by my ambiguous speech; 'of what nature, may I ask?'

I paused before making reply. Whether she had any suspicion of a latent meaning to my words, I could not tell. If so, it was not openly evinced, but most artfully concealed by the speech that followed.

'During my stay among the Utahs,' said she, 'I have had an opportunity of seeing wounds of many kinds, and have learned their mode of treating them. Perhaps I may know how to do something for those of your comrade? But you say that *I alone can cure them*?'

'You, and you only.'

'How is that, stranger? I do not understand you!'

'The wounds I speak of are not in the body.'

'Where, then?'

'In the heart.'

'Oh! stranger, you are speaking in riddles. If your comrade is wounded in the heart, either by a bullet or an arrow—'

'It is an arrow.'

'Then he must die: it will be impossible for any one to save him.'

'Not impossible for you. You can extract the arrow—you can save him!'

Mystified by the metaphor, for some moments she remained gazing at me in silence—her large antelope eyes interrogating me in the midst of her astonishment. So lovely were those eyes, that had their irides been blue instead of brown, I might have fancied they were Lillian's! In all but colour, they looked exactly like hers, as I had once seen them.

Spell-bound by the resemblance, I gazed back into them without speaking—so earnestly and so long that she might easily have mistaken my meaning. Perhaps she did so, for her glance fell; and the circle of crimson suffusion upon her cheeks seemed slightly to extend its circumference, at the same time that it turned deeper in hue.

'Pardon me!' said I, 'for what may appear unmannerly. I was gazing at a resemblance.'

'A resemblance?'

'Yes! one that recalls the sweetest hour of my life.'

'I remind you of some one, then?'

'Ay—truly.'

'Some one who has been dear to you?'

'Has been, and is.'

'Ah! and who, sir, may I have the fortune to resemble?'

'One dear also to you—your sister!'
'My sister!'
'Lilian.'

NORFOLK BROADS AND THEIR WATER-FOWL.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CONCLUSION.

How many kinds of duck are there? 'Two,' boldly answers the non-sporting and non-ornithological reader: 'the tame, found in company with green pease; and the wild, served with lemon and cayenne.' Nay, simple gastronomist, we count no less than twenty-two varieties in our marshes, many of them differing widely in habits and plumage. The shieldrake (*Tadorna Vulpanser*)—so called, say some etymologists, because it is an old favourite with the heralds—still breeds in the rabbit-burrows of our sand-hills. There you may hear the male whistling shrilly to his mate, and if you are fortunate, get a glimpse at the nest. It is a curiosity. They pitch on some convenient hole in the warren, line it with dry vegetable matter, and finish it off comfortably with an inner lining of fine down plucked from their own breasts. The shieldrake knows his duty as paterfamilias better than most wild-drakes, which leave the female as soon as she begins to sit, going off to take their own pleasure *en garçon*, until such time as she joins them with her young. The shieldrake, on the contrary, keeps watch and ward near the nest throughout the thirty days that madam sits upon her ten, twelve, or even more shining white eggs, ready to take his turn, morning and evening, while she goes in quest of food. And who so proud as he when the young ones are hatched, and he escorts mamma and her family down to the sea! Where the passage is difficult, I have seen the parent-birds carrying their young in their bills to the water's edge, where they soon learn to find their own food, and take upon themselves all the cares and responsibilities of duck-existence. Approach the shieldrake's nest while he is on duty as sentinel, he will feign lameness, and waddle off with one wing trailing on the sand, till he thinks he has decoyed you to a safe distance, when he flies away without further ceremony. How touching, by the way, all these poor bird-stratagems are! For my own part, I can never see a partridge 'sham dead,' or a bird betray her cunningly hidden nest by the very arts through which she hopes to divert the enemy's attention from her young to herself, without intense pity for my feathered fellow-creatures. Pitiful, indeed, to see the poor birds play off against our deadly weapons, and fatal knowledge of their habits, the same shallow tricks which might have served their purpose when the enemy was a dull-eyed Saxon churl, with his long-bow.

The shoveller, mallard, gadwell, teal, widgeon, garganey, and the sea-pheasant holding some resemblance unto that bird in some feathers of the tail,* are all birds of our marshes, where the wild-duck and teal breed plentifully. I have once come upon the now very rare nest of the shoveller (*Anas Clypeata*). This nest, curiously woven out of fine grass, was hidden in tufts of herbage, on a dry spot at some distance from the broad. There were seven eggs, of a yellowish-white tinged with green. I saw the eggs after the duck had begun to sit, and found she had covered them with her own down. I was anxious for the duck while she was sitting, for I fully expected she would be frightened off by some prowler, and her eggs taken; but the shoveller was fortunate—nobody beside myself found out her secret; and I had the satisfaction of seeing her, one summer's day, swimming about the broad, with as fine a young family round her as the heart of any duck could desire. The ducks

I have just named frequent fresh water, feed in ditches, and about the margins of the broads, on water-weed, insects, worms, and small fish; they take their food near the surface, spend a good deal of their time on land, walk and fly well, and only dive to escape an enemy. The oceanic ducks, on the contrary, haunt the sea or the deepest part of our broads; they fly and walk with clumsy difficulty, are seldom seen on land, and take their prey at different depths below the surface, feeding on marine insects, crustacea, shelled mollusca, and fish like the divers. Almost all the species of this highly interesting genus have been found in our district; but want of space only permits me to name Steller's Western Duck (*Somateria dispar*). The single specimen which gives this beautiful bird a place among British ducks, was shot at Caistor, near Yarmouth, and is the pride of the Norwich Museum.

I have great respect for my next neighbour at Waterfold. She was brought up a London fine lady, and when she settled in our village, some twelve months back, had the London idea of a chicken—gizzard under one wing, liver under the other. But when Mrs A. found herself in the country, instead of declaring it dull, mopy, and stupid, as most fine ladies do, she studied *Our Farm of Four Acres*, and forthwith undertook the charge of a poultry-yard with zeal and energy, which no amount of ill success seems likely to damp. My wife and I consider Mrs A. a true heroine; we know she is mortally afraid of the gobble-cock, and only less uncomfortable within sight of the gander, yet she faces these monsters, and trots about the yard on the cook's pattens, peeping into nests, throwing down barley to her pretty clients, and nursing sick chickens, in a way which does one's heart good to see. All Mrs A.'s troubles, and they are many, with her 'feathered cattle' are poured into our sympathising ears; and accordingly, after a six weeks' absence from the middle of last May, she burst upon us with news of a disaster.

'Oh, Mr B., would you believe it—while I've been away, some wicked creature has stolen my beautiful drake, and left an ugly brown duck instead!'

'Very sad, indeed. But, Mrs A., are you quite sure it isn't the drake?'

'Of course I am. Markham wanted to make me believe that it was, but I do know better than that,' said my visitor with an indignant frown of her sunshade.

'Come and see what has happened to mine,' I replied. But not till all had passed muster, both among the tame villatic fowl and the different kinds domesticated on a piece of water in the garden, would Mrs A. believe the miracle that every drake, partly through moulting, and partly by change of colour in the feathers, lays aside the beauty of his plumage with the spring, to wear all through the summer the sober livery of his mate. Even then she was only half convinced; I detected a lurking suspicion that the 'wicked creature' who had changed her drake might have played me the same trick, and my neighbour's mind won't be set at rest on the subject till October re-clothes her favourite in the green and purple she so much admires. Strange freak of nature, is it not, that the drake and drakes alone, just at the season, too, when most males put on a brighter summer plumage, should suffer this eclipse without any known cause or purpose? It belongs to those problems we find at every page of her book—those 'sacred riddles' over which men stumble and guess, and perhaps, after all, are never to light upon 'the fortunate word by which the riddle is read.'

What a splendid fellow the Great Northern Diver (*Colymbus glacialis*) is! I must try to describe his beautifully fantastic plumage, for the benefit of those readers to whose eye he may not be so familiar as to mine. This king of the divers looks as if he might have been originally an enormous white fowl with black head and tail; and that nature, not quite satisfied

* Pintail Duck.—Sir T. Browne.

with his appearance, had, in her most ornamental mood, streaked his neck with black; bound a velvet collar round, to match the head; and had finally drawn over back and wings a net-work of the glossiest black. And here I may observe, that although British birds, with but few exceptions, as the golden oriole, cannot vie with those of the tropics in gorgeous hues and metallic lustre of plumage, yet, in the exquisite distribution of colours, they certainly bear the palm. How lovely are the mosaics of their soft browns, grays, black and white—how tenderly the shades are blended—with what wonderful symmetry spot, band, stripe, and bar are arranged! Closely examine the plumage of many a bird which shews dusky enough on the wing, and it may well remind you of a piece of music which the change of a single note must mar, of a noble sonnet which will not brook the alteration of one word. No handiwork of man approaches such perfection; it finds a parallel only in the creations of his intellect. The great northern diver formerly bred in our salt-marshes; it is now a rare visitor, though not so rare as the Black-throated Diver. I once had a fine young male in his first winter brought me alive, and I kept him a few weeks; but he was so hopelessly unhappy, uttering a low plaint all day long, that, though I was anxious to keep him, his captivity became quite a weight on my conscience. I gave him his liberty, and felt like the Mariner when 'down slid the albatross,' the whole day after my diver was restored to his broad. All the divers provide for themselves by following shoals of herrings and other small fish; they sink into the water with a peculiarly graceful action; they remain some time submerged, and even make submarine flights of more than a quarter of a mile.

One of the most beautiful members of the Colymbidæ (Divers), now, alas! fast fading from the district, was abundant only a few years back—the Great-crested Grebe or Loon (*Podiceps cristatus*), especially named by Sir T. Browne as 'a handsome and specious fowl, cristated, and with divided feet placed very backward.' This peculiarity in the feet, by causing it to hobble awkwardly on land, gives the grebe its local name, Loon—no doubt a form of the Finnish designation, Lumme or Lom (Anglicè, lame), given in Scandinavia to several of the divers, and from the same reason. Not only is this lovely bird persecuted, because the marshmen grudge the fish on which it preys, but it is now, much more than formerly, shot down for the sake of its plumage, so that, as far as our fauna is concerned, the loon bids fair to become as extinct as the dodo. One pair—or two at the most—is all we see now upon our largest broads; but thirty years back, I have counted eighteen or twenty of these birds together, some diving, others swimming with the stately grace of the swan; others, again, would just come up from their long dive, cast a sharp glance of inspection all round, rise to throw off the water, the silvery satin of their necks and under-surface of the body glistening in the sunshine, and then dive down again. Or I have come upon their nest, built in an exposed situation, and before the young reed shoots are high enough to hide it, but always with a covering of decayed weed plastered over the eggs, so that the whole affair looks simply like a lump of half-rotten water-plant. When the grebe is disturbed on her nest, she is far too wary to rise within gun-shot of the intruder—though she can, and does fly well when it suits her purpose, in spite of all some writers say to the contrary—you hear a dull plunge, see a slight vibration among the reeds; the bird has dived, and will keep under water as long as you are in her neighbourhood, or rise at a respectful distance. If she has young ones, she tucks one under each wing, and carries them down with her. Young loons are the funniest, most engaging little creatures. When I have moored my boat for fishing on a broad, they would come round fearlessly, swim about the

float, watch all my motions with a sort of infantine curiosity, apparently discussing every operation together with a multitude of quaint gestures, and well pleased with an offering of small fish made them from time to time. I wonder these birds are not commonly domesticated on ornamental pieces of water; they are easily tamed, live in harmony with other water-fowl; and more beautiful objects on a lake can hardly be imagined. The loons come to us early in spring, but they move off towards the arms of the sea as winter approaches, never remaining till our shallow waters are frozen. The different species of grebe, with some other divers, appear to limit their northern range to the birch; they are not found further north than the latitude at which this tree grows.

We have seen how the loon builds her nest: she fashions her little floating ark of rush and water-weed; both eggs and nest are always wet as it rises and falls with the waters of the broad. Far other notions of comfort has the coot (*Fulica Atra*): she builds her nest compact and strong, of the driest rush she can pick; loves to make it among reeds, using those which lie prostrate as a framework for her house; or she will lay its foundations at the bottom of the water, elevating it from six to twelve inches above the surface; and if the waters rise, she will add layer after layer, so that her stone-coloured eggs, spotted with brown, shall be always snug and dry. The coot is our commonest marsh-bird, and contrives to keep up its numbers in spite of the plunder of its nest, and the very large quantity shot. This bird is mostly shot for sport, as there are few charms for the lover of stuffed birds in its sooty feathers, tinged with gray, and still less for the epicure in its tough, fishy flesh. During the summer, coots are universal throughout our triangle, found on every marshy margin and every sedgy pool; but in autumn they collect in flocks on the large waters. I have often seen on Hickling Broad, Horsey Mere, &c., the curious spectacle of an army of these creatures, not huddled together like other wild-fowl, but swimming soberly at regular distance from each other, and covering from one to two acres of the water. But let a couple of their dreaded enemies, the moor-buzzard, appear, and the scene changes as if by magic. With clanging cry, and fluttering pinion, the coots hurry together, forming a dense body, and splashing up the water with feet and wings as a defence. Now is the time for the sportsman. I have known from five-and-twenty to thirty killed at a single shot when thus driven together by a pair of buzzards.

I look up from my closely filled paper to glance round the collection with which my study is lined, and grieve that I must pass over so many of my favourites without a word. No room for the merganser, that 'saw-billed diver' of Sir T. Browne, 'bigger and longer than a duck, distinguished from other dive-birds by a notable saw-bill to retain its slippery prey.' No room for my especial pets, the red-shanks, sand-pipers, and pigmy curlews, dressed almost like members of one family in different shades of spotted dark brown, gray, and white. Not a word for my queer avocet, his dainty person balanced on lengthy legs, with as lengthy a bill, curved upwards, as if in careless contempt of his neighbour, the oyster-catcher, thick-set, and short-necked, with the air of a pursy old gentleman who dearly loveth the bivalve; nor for auk and puffin, sitting stiff and bolt upright on the very end of their tails, and, like Paddy's parrot, with 'a power of bake.' Only one word for the barnacle-goose, and that to say that it does not grow on the goose-tree in these degenerate days, though we all know that it did when honest old Gerard saw with his own eyes the tree, and shells on it, and found in some 'living things without form or shape; in others that were nearer come to ripeness, living things that were verie naked, in shape like a bird;

in others, the birds couered with soft downe, the shell half open, and the birde readie to fall out, which no doubt were the fowles called barnakles.' Not even a line for the airy terns, the smew, the— But I will not keep my readers too late among the marshes, only to inflict a catalogue upon them.

And, indeed, it is time that we leave Marshland: the sun is going down with the royal pomp of crimson and gold which attends the sunsets of the fen. Silent, without flow or ripple, lie the waters—as silent as the heaven above them, all ablaze with its glories, and both so blent at the horizon that the eye can hardly draw the line between the clouds and their image. For a few minutes, Colour makes of this sombre region her own fantastic kingdom; she lavishes upon it her riches; she pours over it all the life, the fervour, the passion of her enchantments. The distances deepen into purple; objects hardly seen by day start out distinct against that flaming sky; long shadows, black and quivering, seem a ghostly presence. Ah! here are contrasts of bright and dark, before which Rembrandt might well despair; the brown mosses glow, the dead colours wake, every tuft of weed or sedgy-grass is instinct with a luminous life. See, the marsh insects gleam like fireflies; and the water-fowl! their 'wings are covered with silver, and their feathers with yellow gold.' No pen or pencil can paint the scene; such power is only given to imagination herself, through the gorgeous dream of the opium-eater; and, like that dream, it changes—fading, fading still the unearthly lustre, till every hue is blurred out, and the landscape lies again level, drear, dead before us. This half-submerged region, with its oozy vegetation, its pools, morass, and wide solitary expanses, strikes us with a strange awe in the uncertain light. Surely it belongs to some older world than this nineteenth century of ours, with its crowded cities and busy peoples. Such an aspect, we can fancy, their hardly recovered earth wore to the patriarchs of the Flood, and with such awful pomp the sun went down into the yet lingering waters. Another hour, and the moon shows her broad disc, blood-red through those whispering alders; white mists wreath up from every plash and pool; and Will-o'-the-wisp dances merrily over the marsh. No wonder that we keep up a few superstitions here—that the marshman and his family gather close round their fire to tell of the marvels that may be seen at night: of corpse-candles burning blue through the mist—of headless horsemen galloping by—of the white lady who wanders from pool to pool, wringing her hands—and of Hob-i'-th'-marsh, a mischievous sprite, who makes it his business to lure benighted travellers astray by the display of a shadowy bag of money.

THE ENGLISH PAINTED BY THE FRENCH.

It may occasionally have occurred to the reader, as a question not unworthy of consideration, why our good neighbours the French are so strangely ignorant of the qualities and usages of John Bull? Of the fact itself there can be little doubt, when we look at their newspaper articles, and the pervading character of their books, concerning ourselves. It is a theorem whereof the truth is only too manifest, that one-half of the quarrels which disturb the world, arise from the insufficiency of our knowledge of each other. Most especially is this true in relation to the inhabitants of different countries. They wrangle and dispute, they challenge and fight, they conquer and slaughter—quite as much because they do not, as because they do, understand each other. Each nation uses spectacles which do not suit the ocular weaknesses of others; the concave does not agree with the off-sight of the one, nor the convex with the near-sight of the other. Small faults are viewed with too high a magnifying power, and honest but half-hidden qualities are overlooked altogether;

while each country has a tendency to view its own excellences with a multiplying-glass, and its defects through ground glass.

In illustration of this, we have now spread out before us a French work, large, costly, and evidently intended to circulate among an influential portion of the French nation; the names of its writers are given; and there is a good deal of learning and research displayed in some of the articles. All that is said in such a work becomes important in the degree that the work itself is authoritative. This work is called the *Encyclopédie Catholique: Répertoire Universel et Raisonné des Sciences, des Lettres, des Arts, et des Métiers*. It is edited by M. l'Abbé Glaire, Dean of the Faculty of Theology at Paris, and M. Le Vicomte Waleh, aided by a 'Committee of Orthodoxy.' It is a quarto work, in about twenty large volumes, and the publication of it was finished at Paris a few years ago.

Now, it is in the various articles 'Angleterre' in this work, that we find some of the evidence which has suggested the present comment, concerning the strange notions entertained of our country and countrymen, by Frenchmen even of education. The geography of 'Angleterre' is written by M. Cornille. It is not remarkable for much except that pertinacity with which Frenchmen misspell English names. Roxburgh, Morecambe, Cardigan, Severn, Plymouth, Shropshire, Worcester, Salop, Berkshire, are converted into Rasbourg, Marecombe, Cardignan, Saverne, Plimouth, Storpshire, Worcester, Shorp, Barck; indeed, the names of eighteen of our counties are erroneously rendered; and, moreover, M. Cornille makes a present of the Welland to the Severn, as a tributary. But although his geography of 'Angleterre' consists of only one quarto page, he finds room for the following sketch of our national character: 'The character of the inhabitants is strongly marked. The English distinguish themselves especially by the audacity of their enterprises, by a perseverance which approaches to obstinacy, but at the same time by a selfishness so intense as scarcely to bend before the interests of the country, unless those interests are connected with mercantile calculations.' This we have been told before, by various foreigners; but there is worse to follow: 'Their presumption is without bound; their pride without limit; their surliness has become almost proverbial—one speaks of "British surliness" as one would of "Attic salt." Their intolerance is quite beyond all expression. Devoted body and soul to material interests, the English have always a calculus, a sum, a numeral, behind every inspiration, however noble or grand it may be in appearance. For them, the entire world is nothing but a vast prey to be seized, nothing but a vast bazaar, of which they alone shall be the merchants. *Aura sacra fames* is the device which this people ought to inscribe over the gates of their cities and upon the thresholds of their dwellings.'

This is pretty well, truly, for a picture drawn in the middle of the nineteenth century. (The *Encyclopædia* was commenced while Louis Philippe was king.) But M. Cornille has not done with us yet; he has a bone to pick both with high and low, on other matters: 'The people of the lower classes are distinguished in England by a brutishness of which we can form no idea. Abandoned from their infancy to all the excesses of drunkenness, they carry into their whole conduct a spirit of rudeness, coarseness, and quarrelsomeness, which brings about those pugilistic encounters of which we hear so much. Almost every one has acquired a fatal skill in this bloody exercise; rarely does a holiday meeting pass without a fatal encounter. The great nobles themselves (for the English, in their worship of the golden calf, have retained their great nobles, the source of all their riches), and even members of parliament, take part sometimes in these street-fights.' O ye sprightly

young lords, and baronets, and right honourables, who in bygone-days sought amusement in knocker-wrenching and Charley-boxing! your foolish deeds did not end when you yourselves became sobered by age; they live in the effects produced on foreigners, who have imperfect means of knowing us as we are, but who catch at such extravagances, as if they were characteristic of the whole nation. And remember, that it is not merely penny-a-line newspaper writing from which we are quoting, but from a work extensive, expensive, grave, and pretentious.

M. Cornille then hands us over to M. Baissas, who has written that part of the general article which relates to the industry and commerce of England. After giving us a meed of praise for our energy in these matters, M. Baissas tells us plainly what we are to expect as our future doom: 'Nevertheless, all her foresight will not save England from a decline. There is working among all nations a movement which acts in a direction contrary to English interests. The queen of industry has given profitable lessons. We have no need to set forth the industrial progress of the continent, nor the general perfecting of its marine; these things are notorious. By this single circumstance alone, England will, year by year, see her exportations diminish. Among nations, France excites her jealousy: France, whose coasts face America, Africa which she inhabits, and the east; whose frontiers are in contact with the active populations of Germany; whose soil offers, by its nature, its position, its latitude, the elements of inexhaustible riches. Already does England begin to entertain doubts concerning her future. Her attention is directed with inquietude towards the eastern part of the Mediterranean. What a frightful spectacle for her! On the one side, the colossal Russia descends little by little towards Constantinople, as by a gravitating force; on the other side, Egypt, enervated, is menaced with an approaching dissolution; and to crown the misfortune, the French possess there a very marked influence. By and by, England will recognise the possibility of the interdiction of the Mediterranean to her fleets, by the preponderance of the two nations, to whom seems to belong the partition of that sea.' M. Baissas has as much right as any other Frenchman to prophesy the triumph of France over the ruins of England; but the singularity consists in the insertion of this sort of newspaper writing in a large Encyclopædia, intended as a permanent record of things, persons, places, and nations.

The historical portion, by M. Prat, estimates English history from a point of view at which we have no reason to complain, intended as it is to belong to a 'Catholic' work; but even here the downfall of England is curiously brought in. After speaking of the immense external power of England, M. Prat says: 'But she is troubled with an internal malady which will sooner or later destroy this outrageous power. Political passions are fermenting, pauperism is becoming an insupportable burden, the national debt increases from day to day, faith has become enfeebled, and all is becoming materialised; these are the signs of her imminent danger.'

It is worthy of remark how these Encyclopædists seize hold of facts observable at the time they wrote, and as if those marked the general order of things in England. In the notice of English literature by M. Prat, the author exclaims: 'Well! will it be believed! this Shakespeare, so popular in name, scarcely finds an English theatre where he can be played. *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, *Richard III.*, carefully placed in the libraries, are banished from the stage. France at least knows how to maintain a temple for her poetic divinities: Racine, Corneille, and Molière find interpreters.' We are not aware of the exact state of the London stage at the time M. Prat wrote, but it may have been that Shakespeare was not much played in the metropolis at that time, and that the

Frenchman, reading of this in some newspaper, jumped from a particular instance to a general conclusion.

When M. Prat has done with us, M. Tresvaux takes us up, in his portion of the article relating to the fine arts of 'Angleterre.' He makes sad havoc with the names of our artists—Fusely, Leake, Morland, Grainsborough, Lindseer: we may know these by the exercise of a little ingenuity; but there are others of whose identity we are by no means certain. One thing is sure, however, that, according to M. Tresvaux, we are a people utterly unfitted to have anything to do with music: 'People do not sing in England: they *croak*. The only celebrated musician of whom the English are proud is Handel; and even his origin is German; and yet, notwithstanding this musical infirmity, the "lords" and the "lady's" are amateurs almost to an insane degree.'

There follows, after these various aspects of 'Angleterre,' a curious article under the title of 'Anglomanie.' We believe, from the initials, that this article was written by the late Count Joseph de Maistre; but it is at anyrate singular that such an article should have been necessary. It does not seem that the love for England among the French is or was so general as to require this antidote; but here the antidote certainly is. 'Anglomanie' is defined (just as if it were a scientific term) as 'an immoderate and exclusive admiration for the English, their usages, their manners, and their costumes: whether due to a real sentiment, or to mere caprice, to a desire for singularity, or to unreasoning fancy.' The author says that it is reasonable that Frenchmen should regard Molière as the prince of all comic poets, ancient or modern; 'but that a Frenchman should place Racine below Shakespeare, because the second is English and the first French, is a thing which we cannot conceive; it is more than an infatuation, for it shews a determination to find all good or all bad from mere etiquette alone.' How many Englishmen rank Addison and Sheridan as the first of all comic poets; or how many Frenchmen place Racine below Shakespeare, simply because the former was French and the latter English, we are not told. It peeps out presently that the objection is built chiefly on the antagonism between parliamentary and despotic principles. 'The Anglomanie,' we are told, 'was brought among us by that legion of French gentlemen who, under the flag of the Marquis de Lafayette, went to America to aid in founding a republic at enmity with all thrones. On their return, they introduced among us a love for English customs.' The advent of Louis Philippe is adverted to in the statement, that 'the introduction in France of the representative system has contributed not a little to enroot this habit among us. Thus we have adopted an infinity of names which the English give to the institutions we borrowed from them.' The author goes on to say that the Anglomania does not limit its sway to serious subjects; it extends to all: 'it seizes on our taste and on more futile matters. There are people who flatter themselves that in proportion as constitutional and parliamentary usages become formed and consolidated, this Anglomania will become less sensible; but it is impossible to avoid seeing that the two things spring out of the same cause.'

There are grounds for something like congratulation in these concluding words—that a 'mania,' or at least a liking for England, will naturally spring up among a people who adopt constitutional and parliamentary institutions; but we must take the words, we suppose, in the sense meant by the author, and claim nothing good in our capacity as Englishmen.

A dislike for our institutions is pardonable; but the real ignorance of ourselves is sad in so near a neighbourhood. What there is true in the French estimate of Englishmen, ought to impel us to reform and put our house in order; what there is *untrue*, produces all the more mischief according as the work which

contains it is of an authoritative and pretentious character. It may be quite right that we should, once now and then, respond to the wish of Robert Burns, and see ourselves as others see us; but it is pregnant with evil that others should see us through the medium of their own national atmosphere, and thus really not know us at all. O for some kind little sprite who could entice folks into an honest study of their neighbours, on the bright side as well as the tarnished!

HOW CUSHION-LACE WAS INVENTED.

It was the winter of the year 1564, and the mines of Saxony, being no longer considered productive, were closed. Hundreds of men were, in consequence, thrown out of employment, and amongst them one Christopher Uttman. He had a wife and two infant children, and his heart was filled with despair on their account. Of himself, he never thought; he knew that he was capable of stubborn and ponderous endurance—the pits had been more than once before closed even in his lifetime—but endurance was not the quality most required now; the voice from his hearth-stone was a trumpet-peal to action, yet what could he do? he was powerless from inevitable necessity—the necessity of ignorance. He had been reared in the pit; he was unacquainted with every kind of manual labour except that exercised in his fearful calling. With a heavy heart, he returned to the lowly cottage, the interior of which the care and tastelessness of his wife had rendered comfortable, nay, even beautiful, and placing in her hand his last week's wages, he exclaimed bitterly: 'Barbara, what shall we do? I am not to return to the mines any more. They will all be closed next week, and will never be re-opened!'

Barbara had heard before her husband had returned home that the pits were about to be closed for an indefinite period, she was therefore in some degree prepared for the tidings, and replied cheerfully: 'We shall no doubt do very well. We shall seek God's guidance; He will direct us. We are young, and strong, and healthy, and need not despair of being able to provide for our little ones, because the mines of Saxony are shut up.'

Fortunately for the miner, his wife was not only good and gentle, but prompt and clear-minded. She comprehended at once all the perplexities of their condition—all that must be endured at the present—all that might naturally be dreaded in the future. After awhile she stole away to the inner closet of her little cottage, and having first sought wisdom from on high, set about considering what it was best to do. It was no dreamy and fantastic speculation which exercised her mind in that little retreat, but calm and accurate was the scheme she then shadowed forth—though it was never quite realised.

Barbara had been in the habit of assisting in the maintenance of her little household, by embroidering muslin veils. At first, she worked only for the mine-owners' wives and daughters; but so imaginative and delicate was her skill and taste in this art, that her fame had lately reached more than one of the German courts, and many a noble dame had availed herself of the graceful productions of Barbara's needle, and added to her heavy brocaded dresses the elaborately embroidered, yet light and beautiful muslin train and ruffles. The care of her infant twins, however, together with many other domestic duties, had hitherto afforded her but little time for the exercise of her art; but now, though these cares and duties were rather increased than lessened, she determined, without neglecting or omitting one of them, that by the labour of her hands should her family be supplied with bread. 'My husband toiled for us,' she mentally exclaimed, 'and now I will work hard for him.'

The next day after the closing of the mines, Barbara arose with the dawn, and having put her house in

order, and prepared the morning-meal, she commenced her work. Steadily she wrought on hour after hour, never moving from her low seat near the window, except when obliged to do so for the fulfilment of some household duty. A little girl, the daughter of a neighbour, was sent for to look after the children; and Christopher contrived to find useful employment in the little garden which separated his cottage from the road, and which heretofore had been Barbara's care. In the evening, he assisted in preparing the supper, and thus the first day passed away hopefully and happily. Three months thus rolled by, and Barbara looked with justifiable pride on the production of her artistic skill—a veil, which far excelled anything she had ever before attempted, in its singular beauty of design and elaborateness of embroidery. With a happy smile, eloquent of joy and hope, she left her home the next morning, carrying the veil in a curious basket covered with richly embroidered cloth. We may here remark, that certain arts of embroidery, as known at that period, are now forgotten; and though many specimens are still preserved amongst the precious relics of continental churches, and not a few of them have been subjected to the closest examination, even to having portions picked out stitch by stitch, yet is the mystery still undiscovered.

It was a bright summer morning: never did the flowers look more lovely, the fruits more luxuriant. Barbara looked back more than once at her pretty cottage, now covered by a profusion of roses and creeping-plants, and blessed those beloved ones who still slept on, unconscious of her absence. Arrived at a certain castle at some leagues' distance about noon, she was at once admitted to the presence of its fair mistress, with whom Barbara was a favourite. Having replied to kind inquiries for her husband and children, she looked consciously at her little basket. Her heart beat almost audibly, and her cheek flushed to a deeper glow than even the unusually long walk would have caused, as she raised the lid, and shaking out the delicate veil, threw it over her extended arm. Never before had she displayed such a specimen of her skill, and never before did so much depend on its being duly appreciated: both her purse and her little store were exhausted. The joyful hope, however, with which she had left her home and entered the lady's presence was fast leaving her heart, as the sudden exclamation of delight and approval which she had expected fell not on her anxious ear; and a strange, deep dread was finding its way in, and rolling heavily in the room of the departed guest. 'It is very beautiful,' said the dame at last, still without reaching her hand to touch it—'very beautiful, truly; but could your skill only accomplish something like this, Barbara, I would purchase it at any price, it is so lovely, and so uncommon.'

She had opened a drawer while speaking, and handed the sorrow-stricken Barbara a border of rich Brussels point-lace. Barbara let the veil fall into the basket, and struggling hard to subdue her emotions, took the border into her hands. She had never before seen Brussels point; and she now eagerly and anxiously examined the beautiful fabric. 'It is very lovely,' she said, in a low and voice; 'my work cannot indeed compare with that.' For a minute, she continued her careful examination, and then returning it with a low obeisance, took up her basket, and departed.

How changed to her eyes now appeared the bright world she had looked upon with such delight but one short half-hour before! The deep sorrow in her own heart had banished its beauty from the landscape. She turned her steps homewards—it was too late then to seek another purchaser—and traversed slowly the same shady alleys which she had so lately trodden with an elastic step. After awhile, she suddenly

stopped, and sinking on the soft greensward, exclaimed: 'Let me think.' She placed her little basket beside her, and covering her face with her hands, once again muttered: 'Let me think.'

Mute and motionless—as we learn from Barbara's own narrative—she continued to think and to pray; and more than an hour elapsed before she lifted her head, and once more started on her homeward path. It was late in the evening when she returned; her children were at rest in their little cot, and her husband was standing at the door watching for her return with a look of heedful and anxious love. She raised her eyes to his; her face was glowing with youthful though matronly beauty, and seemed illuminated by some powerful new-born hope.

'Husband,' she said, as soon as the first greetings were over, 'I shall want you to be very busy for me; I require a dozen of nice round sticks, not thicker or longer than your middle-finger; and I shall want you to give them to me as soon as possible.'

'With pleasure, you shall have them, dear wife,' he replied; and accordingly, as soon as they had partaken of a frugal supper, he set to work. Meanwhile, Barbara was occupied in making a small, hard, round cushion. The covering was of green stuff—we are told—and it was filled with hay. By midnight, the task of each was completed.

Next day, Barbara shut herself up in the little inner room of her cottage. She had the sticks and the cushion with her, and she only entered the outer room when her presence was absolutely necessary. The second day she again absented herself, and likewise for the three following; her husband, with rare tact and delicacy, neither asking her questions, nor suffering any officious neighbour to intrude on her. It was well for all parties that his trusting affection had taught him to pursue this wise course, for Barbara's mind was struggling after a dimly revealed object, and the least interruption in the pursuit, though kindly meant, might only serve to throw an additional shadow on the path. On the evening of the fifth day, she rushed from the closet, and throwing herself into her husband's arms, exclaimed: 'Christopher, beloved, thank God with me! See what He has enabled me to accomplish;' and she shewed him a piece of lace which she had made on the cushion, and which resembled what we now know under the name of 'quilling.' This she afterwards richly embroidered; and as she looked on her beautiful handiwork, she believed that she had, unaided by human intervention, discovered the method by which point-lace was manufactured. In reality, however, she had done much more: she had invented a new article of equal beauty and greater utility—the lace at present so well known as 'cushion' or 'bone lace.'

Barbara Uttman's name soon obtained a world-wide reputation, and her invention was spoken of as the most wonderful of the age. Thousands of yards of her rich bordering laces were ordered, not by private individuals, but by merchants from every quarter of the globe; and in order to supply the demand, she employed all the poor girls in her neighbourhood. In a very short time, she removed to a large and comfortable house in Dresden, and for many years after, both she and her husband devoted their evenings to mental improvement. How well they succeeded may be gathered from the fact, that Christopher became a wholesale importer of the valuable fabric which his wife had invented, and that he managed to the perfect satisfaction of all parties the complicated details which his business involved. As for Barbara, her 'children called her blessed, her husband also, and he praiseth her.' Beloved and respected, she lived to a good old age, and on the evening of her death, there were sixty-four children and grandchildren assembled in her home.

The simple principle on which Barbara's lace is made, is thus described by Dodd: 'The lace-maker

sits on a stool or chair, and places a hard cushion on her lap. The desired pattern is sketched on a piece of parchment, which is then laid on the cushion, and she inserts a number of pins through the parchment into the cushion, in places determined by the pattern. She is also provided with a small number of bobbins, on which threads are wound; fine thread being used for making the meshes, or net, and a coarser kind, called gimp, for working the device. The work is begun on the upper part of the cushion, by tying together the threads in pairs, and each pair is attached to one of the pins thrust into the cushion. The threads are then twisted one round another in various ways, according to the pattern, the bobbins serving for handles, as well as for store of material, and the pins serving as knots or fixed points, or centres, round which the threads may be twisted. The pins inserted in the cushion at the commencement, are merely to hold the threads; but as each little mesh is made in progress of the working, other pins are inserted to prevent the threads untwisting, and the device on the parchment shews where these insertions are to occur.'

The 'point-lace' which Barbara Uttman at first believed she had discovered the secret of manufacturing, was made without either cushion or frame. The worker provided herself only with a variety of thread and variously sized needles, and then placing a rich design, drawn on paper, either on her knee or on a convenient table, she imitated it with exactness, progressing at the rate of a few square inches each week, until at length, after years of patient labour, she would complete one of these beautiful, complicated, and delicate pieces of lace, which now excite so much admiration and surprise in those fortunate enough to be allowed to examine the furniture of old cathedrals either at home or on the continent. It is supposed that, for many hundreds of years, point-lace was wrought only by noble dames, and even by them, only to offer it to favourite churches. As an article of dress, it was first worn at Venice; soon afterwards, gorgeous specimens of it were displayed by the merchants of Genoa; and next it was found in Brussels, but so immensely surpassing in quality and quantity all that had ever before been heard of, that it at once received, by universal consent, the name of Brussels point. Early in the seventeenth century, it was introduced into France, some say by Mary de Medici, and others by a poor but industrious woman, named Du Mont.

ON THE DECAY OF A CERTAIN EXCELLENT SCIENCE.

As the universe is said to be divided into Christian and Heathen, as Europe into Catholic and Protestant, as England into Whig and Tory, so two great parties are waging war with one another to the knife in this our city of Trumpington, N. B. It is a city, as we old Trumpingtonians will always have it, and by no means a mere provincial town, as some insist—strangers from the south, for the most part, and such of the younger portion of our own population as can be induced to consent to the disparagement of their native place. Nothing annoys me more than to see these misguided young fellows endeavouring to forget the fine old customs of their fathers, upon the ground of their being obsolete and out of date, and introducing in place of them their new-fangled English customs. Such be they who turn up their noses at sheep's head—a most savoury dish, with a great deal of promiscuous feeding to be got upon it—or haggis, the beloved of Burns, an exceedingly satisfying delicacy, although not perhaps meretriciously attractive in its external features. Such be they who use extract of chamomiles, or bitter beer, as they prefer to call it, instead of the good sweet ale of Scotland; and despise

the delicate wine of their native land, with all its engaging attributes of kettle and toddy-ladles. It is they, too, who must needs smoke cigars, forsooth, and even (as I have seen them with these eyes) make up, with their twiddling fingers, the cigarettes which are only fit for Spanish women, neglecting the cutty-pipe of their fathers, and the snuff that should ever be grateful to the Caledonian nostril. 'Fangh,' say I; 'out upon you, thoughtless innovators! "We want no change," as the Peruvians remarked to Pizarro in a play that has gone out along with many other good dramas, to be supplanted by *Cox and Box*, or some such rubbish—"We want no change, and least of all, such change as you can give us." There is no limit to the hardihood of these reformers. Reformers, indeed! Will it be credited that it is in the contemplation of some of these profligates to introduce into Trumpington, N. B., the Hansom cab! All I can say is, that it will be better for Nephew Alec and Nephew George that I never see them disgracing themselves by appearing in any such vehicle. A Casino will be the next addition to our improvements, I suppose, or a lease of our public gardens taken up by the proprietors of Cremorne.

However, all this will fall far short of the evil that has already actually befallen us, the change for the worse (for the worst) that has gradually crept in amongst us—as luxury did, to the ruin of the Roman empire—and is obtaining converts nightly. The great and important question which is now convulsing society at Trumpington, N. B., is this: Are we to give in to the substitution of Short Whist for Long, or are we not? My own family are quite aware of the sentiments which I myself entertain upon this subject, and have been guided accordingly, so that this complaint is perfectly patriotic and disinterested. If any man should venture to propose in my house that five should make the game at whist instead of ten, he would certainly never be invited to spend an evening within its doors again. If my dearest friend should go over to that heresy, he would be thenceforward as a stranger to me. If son of mine— But, no; I need not harrow my own feelings by considering what it would be my painful duty to do in such an extremity. I speak of the evil not as under my own roof—for if, I repeat, my footman should play whist with the maid-servants in my kitchen, and induce them to score less than ten for the game, that man, however useful to me, should go—but as I see it at the houses of my acquaintances. There, I am ashamed to say, it is becoming a rare thing to see the grand old game which has been sufficient for the world for so many centuries. When I say 'the game,' I don't mean *one* game, which, with reference to its decent length, these scoffers contend, is almost sufficient to last for a century. They affirm, that however consistent with reason Long Whist may have been at the period it was fashionable (namely, before the Flood), when persons lived to be many hundred years of age, it is altogether out of proportion with modern existence, when the days of man are but threescore years and ten—from which, of course, the years of infancy (although Long Whist can scarcely be learned too early) must be excluded. They pretend that among the arrow-heads and other relics of the work of man recently discovered in the drift, which seem to point to the pre-Adamite existence of our race, there were found exactly twenty bone whist-counters—evidently for the purpose of marking the Long points with, at a period when our subtle ingenuity had not made less to serve by means of that particular allocation which is itself a science and a study. It is even hinted that, but for Long Whist, Noah and his three sons could never have survived the tediousness of the Ark during the Flood-time, and thereby (eventually) secured the perpetuation of our species. We possess good-nature enough to be able to laugh at these ridiculous stories—which, it is surely needless to say, are mere

inventions. Banter and ridicule are, it seems to me, the only weapons which the advocates of Short Whist have to trust to, though it must be confessed they use them with some skill. Young Hector Mac-Tornish—and it was enough to make old Sandy, his father, turn in his grave, who was every night for his one rubber at Longs, for three, or it might be four hours, according as the cards went—young Hector, I say, had the impudence to decline to join in a game the other night, upon the score of his having a wife and children. 'The most, my good friends, that we can possibly win in an hour at your game,' said he, 'even under the most advantageous circumstances, is ninepence; and ninepence an hour is not a remunerative wage for a skilled labourer.'

'We are no for dissipation and vice, and a' sic things as ye lose money by,' returned the host, who was one of the good old sort, although maybe a little close-fisted: 'this is no a gambling-house, my young friend.'

'No,' rejoined Hector, 'I am glad to say it is not; and very creditable, too, it is to you, considering you are little better than a stock-broker.'

And, indeed, it must be confessed that it did not lie well in our friend's mouth, who was risking thousands and thousands of other people's money daily, if not his own as well, to object to the Short game at six-penny points upon the ground of morality.

I cannot say that I have that objection to urge against it myself, although I have equally strong ones. I say that it spoils the play. I say that before you have time to explain to your partner why you finessed with the eight, having the king in your hand, the game is lost. The odd trick is made against you just as you are about to come in with your court cards. There is too much dash, and too little deliberation in the matter. One's sober habits of thought are dissipated, and one's intelligence too actively called into play, on account of the emergency of the case. One is always at a crisis, and either engaged in all the horrors of taking by assault, or in defending one's own hearth and home for the bare life. With four by honours against us, we may just as well hang out the white flag at once, and cry, 'We surrender.' Formerly, we were wont to regard such a circumstance with the greatest equanimity. We might hold them the next time, and then they, and then we again, and yet the game be far from ended. The linked sweetness was then drawn out to a respectable length.

There was a less deadly heresy which started up before this of the Short game—just as the U. P.s preceded the Free Church in departing from the Establishment—whereby the Long-whist rubber was abolished, and the game substituted in its place; thereby ignobly admitting that the grand old science in its integrity was rather a tedious and protracted business. But, for me, I nail my colours to the mast. My motto is, *Ars longa*, notwithstanding that *vita* is *brevis*. I see my companions-in-arms (and hands) on every side dropping off, for they are not young, or (worse) going over to the enemy. I know we shall enlist no more recruits. I foresee the time when there will be but four followers of the legitimate science left in Trumpington. But we will pursue it still. When one of these will depart, we will play 'dummy;' when a second, 'double dummy;' when a third—if I am spared to be the last—I will either emigrate to Shetland (among whose unsophisticated and innocent inhabitants I am told Short Whist is still unknown), or practise the game single-handed. In the meantime, let us—the Pagans of a creed outworn, as they denominate us—at least be true to one another. There is but one joint in our armour of proof which, in my judgment, is assailable. I refer to the system of 'calling' honours when we are at eight. I shuddered when I heard young Mac-Tornish taking exception to us upon that ground the other night, for there is weakness there. It is certainly quite inconsistent

with the scientific character of the Long game, although MacTornish spoke of it in a manner at once disrespectful and indecent.

'What is this boasting of what you have in your hands!' cried he. 'It is a mere admission that your game is too long, and you are sick of it. It is an inadvertent confession of the truth, such as one often finds in other equally criminal cases. It is dealing for nothing, and sheer waste of time. It is the meanest advantage that brute force can possibly employ. It is vulgar bombast. *It is like the game of Brag!*'

At this point, I left the room, because I was unable to defend the practice, even against these abominable remarks; but I shall be surprised—and not gratified—if young Mr Hector MacTornish comes eventually to 'good.'

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE periodical acceleration of the great metropolitan mill by the troops of men learned in law, science, and physic, who come back from their holidays to renew their laborious round, has once more taken place. The Royal Society, while looking forward hopefully to the time, some three or four months hence, when their much-respected president shall enjoy restoration of eyesight, and reappear among them, are occupying themselves with papers on the Physiological Anatomy of the Lungs; with further examples of Mr Cayley's mastery over mathematics; with fresh results obtained by Joule of Manchester, in his able researches on the condensation of steam, and other important though abstruse subjects.—The Astronomical Society are to have a grand night over the large batch of papers they have received concerning the eclipse of last July, and after that we are to have a digest of the whole mass of information, which, as we may confidently anticipate, will be very interesting. Meanwhile, astronomers on the continent have begun to dispute about the results of the observations: M. Le Verrier declaring that the commonly received theory as to the physical constitution of the sun will have to be abandoned, and M. Faye arguing the contrary, on the ground that the phenomena on which the other bases his conclusions, are optical only, and not real. The Architectural Museum is resuming the lectures and re-exhibiting the art-specimens which in former seasons have animated and instructed many a student. The Geological and Geographical Society give promise of fruitful papers, and the Society of Arts have published a paper recommending working-people to use cocoa in preference to tea and coffee, and giving abundant reasons for their recommendation.

The Pneumatic Dispatch Company are to lay their first pipe from St Martin's le Grand to Bloomsbury, by way of trying experiments in Post-office business; when, should the result agree with their present statements, the blast will carry their dispatches at the rate of forty miles an hour. And while these things are flying underground, we are to have quick travelling above, for London is about to imitate Birkenhead, and lay down tram-ways in the streets. Birkenhead has taken a great step in another direction, by the opening of a dock which comprises 110 acres of water, and four miles of wharfage.—The Salmon Commissioners—Sir W. Jardine, and two other gentlemen—having commenced their inquiry on the Severn and Wye, are now questioning the experts of the northern fisheries. The witnesses examined are unanimous in recommending that salmon-fishing should commence March 1, and end September 1; that young fry should be taken between those dates on no pretence whatever, except by the rod, after July 1; that the salmon-net should alone be used for

catching, and a tax laid on all other appliances and implements employed for that purpose; that public conservators should be appointed to watch the fisheries, and prevent fishing between 6 P.M. on Saturdays and 6 A.M. on Mondays. If these regulations could be enforced, a large increase in the number of salmon that frequent our rivers would hardly fail to ensue.

Professor Ogden Rood, of Troy University, state of New York, has repeated and extended the experiments on light described in our last Month, and shews that the results produced are subjective, and not real. One of his tests was to look at the rotating disk through coloured glass, which, supposing the disk to transmit red light, as appeared to the eye, would exhibit the usual effects on that colour in its passage; but after applying the test in various ways, the conclusion arrived at is, that the appearances of colour on the rotating disks are an optical deception, and that in all cases white light alone is transmitted. In Professor Rood's words, 'these experiments seem to point out that after momentary exposure to white light, subjective colours are induced in the eye, whose tint and duration are dependent on the strength of the impression received, as well as upon the length of time allowed for rest; these sensations of colour apparently having a relation to the colours observed after looking at the sun, similar to that which a temporary disorder bears to a chronic affection.'

The fourteenth meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science was held at Newport, Rhode Island—the Isle of Wight of America, as some call it—when, perhaps by way of rendering the occasion the more instructive, the town authorities gave to each member a copy of Professor Hitchcock's geological map of the Island. We hear, however, that the general result was unsatisfactory, there having been too little of real science, and too much of 'weak speculation.' Among the papers presented, we notice one by Professor Loomis on 'The Great Auroral Display of August and September, 1859;' 'On Atmospheric Electricity,' by Professor Joseph Henry; 'On Methods in Zoology,' by Agassiz, besides a considerable number on chemical, geological, and natural history subjects. Among practical matters, the paper 'On the Combustion of Wet Fuel,' read by Professor B. Silliman, appears sufficiently important to merit wider publicity, and well worth the attention of manufacturers. A countryman of his, Mr Moses Thompson, wished to construct a furnace to burn the *bagasse*—that is, the waste cane of a sugar-plantation—and persevering with this object in view, at last succeeded. He was led to conclude that the great quantities of steam, smoke, and other products which are thrown off when wet fuel first begins to burn, would, as he describes, 'consume each other,' if sent into a chamber heated to a sufficiently high temperature, and from which the external air should be excluded. The furnace is built with three or four compartments, all of brick: one of these compartments, used as the 'mixing-chamber,' must be built of the most refractory firebrick. The fire is first lighted with dry fuel, and kept up till the brickwork is heated: the doors are then shut, and the wet fuel, crushed cane, tan, or dye-stuff, is fed in from an opening at the top, and after awhile the steam, smoke, and gases evolved, pass onwards into the mixing-chamber, and are there entirely consumed. The heat developed is so intense, that the chamber appears of a white heat, and the damper must be made of fire-clay, as iron is speedily melted. The compartments may be side by side, or one over the other; in the latter case, the wet fuel is supplied to the upper one. Mr Thompson says that the results obtained by his process with wet fuel, far exceed any that can be obtained with dry fuel; and to exhibit what can be accomplished, it is shewn that peat containing so much as 75 per cent. of water can be

advantageously burned, and, if the fireman understands his duty, without any smoke or vapour being perceptible at the top of the chimney. Hence it appears that this form of furnace presents important economical advantages for the heating of steam-boilers; the heat which, under ordinary circumstances, is locked up and wasted, is in this instance, as Professor Silliman explains, released and turned to profit by 'causing the wet fuel to supply its own supporter of combustion drawn from the decomposition of the vapour of water at a high temperature, by its reaction with free carbon and the oxide of carbon.' Mr Thompson deserves praise for his invention, and has proved himself one of those entitled to claim the prize fund bequeathed for improvements in the application of light and heat, by Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford.

Professor Boettger makes known to chemists that gun-cotton, properly prepared, is a much better filter at the ordinary temperature for any kind of corrosive fluid, than the substances commonly used for filtering purposes. Push a small piece of the cotton loosely into the throat of a funnel, and it will separate chloride of silver from nitric acid, and filter aqua-regia, and concentrated alkalies and powerful acids, and liquids which would be liable to decomposition in other kinds of filters.—Professor Bunsen finds that the brightest artificial light hitherto tried is magnesium wire burned in the flame of a common spirit-lamp: its brilliance is only 525 times less than that of the sun, and its photo-chemical power only 36 times less. Here, then, is a light which will enable photographers to carry on their observations at all hours of the night as well as by day. A wire fine enough to be wound on a cotton-reel, will give as much light as 74 stearine candles of 5 to the pound. No galvanic battery is required, all that is needful being to contrive that the wire shall unwind steadily from the reel, and pass into the flame of the spirit-lamp. The cost is, however, considerable, and will remain so till some way shall be discovered of producing magnesium cheaply, the price of one gramme of the wire (15½ grains) being nine shillings; but with photographers, whose consumption would only be by a few seconds at a time, this would hardly be an objection.

The recently published report concerning the exploring expedition sent by the Canadian government to make surveys in the Saskatchewan district, at the same time that the Palliser expedition was discovering an overland route to British Columbia, is an interesting document. The district in question extends from the Red River to the Rocky Mountains: the Canadians had often urged the British government to initiate measures for the settlement of that important region, which was then regarded as part of the Hudson's Bay Company's territory, but nothing was done till the discovery of gold on the Fraser River brought the far north-western country prominently into notice. Messrs Gladman, Dawson, Hind, and Napier were the explorers employed by the Canadian authorities; the region they had to survey was described more than fifty years ago by Lord Selkirk as capable of giving bread to 30,000,000 of people, while later explorations shew it as enjoying a sufficiency of rain, and abounding in grass, wood, and water. Some enthusiastic individuals believe that when a proper road is made across the Rocky Mountains, all our trade with India, China, and Japan will pass through the Saskatchewan country. The present advantages are, however, the matters for consideration. The explorers have ascertained the practicable land and river routes to various parts of the country, and laid down on their maps the regions of prairie, wood, and swamp, and the spots where the Indians grow maize, melons, and potatoes, and where 'vines, hops, and vetches grow naturally in abundance.' One of the party during a four-days' stay on a small island in Lake Manitobah,

noticed that a low range of limestone cliffs, when struck by the waves, 'emitted sounds very similar to chimes from a number of church-bells ringing at a distance.'

We shall probably hear, in good time, that the settlers on Red River are sending pioneers into the new region, where there is room enough and to spare. The best routes thither lie in the United States territory; and we are told that the people of St Paul, in Minnesota, had started an expedition to make further explorations about the head-waters and upper valleys of the Saskatchewan and Columbia rivers, accompanied by Dr Goodrich as physician, and Dr Anderson on the part of the Smithsonian Institution, to make scientific observations and collections. The Board of Trade, in the same town, offered a prize of a thousand dollars for the first voyage of a steamer on the Red River; and a vessel carrying 150 tons of cargo, besides passengers, is now plying on the stream. A Canadian company, moreover, are about to put steam-boats on the same river, and on Rainy Lake and Winnipeg. It will surprise many readers to hear of this advance of civilisation into regions concerning which we knew nothing a few years ago, except from the writings of Mackenzie, Hearne, and other arctic travellers.

A new museum is forming at Vienna, which is to be named the Novara, after the ship sent out by the Austrian government on an exploring voyage round the globe. We mentioned the return of this vessel in the course of last year. The collections of specimens of natural history, botany, geology, and so forth, are all to be classified and illustrated: among them are numerous bones of that extinct gigantic bird, the Moa, which Professor Hochstetter discovered in three before unvisited caves during his sojourn in New Zealand. He found more than one species; and in all cases the largest bones were the lowest of the stratum. The narrative of the voyage, comprising full scientific dissertations and details, is to be published at the cost of the imperial government; and when we say that Dr Scherzer is to write the first volume—the story of the voyage—we imply that the result will be of undoubted excellence.

THE RIVER.

BENEATH this fair unclouded sky,
How sweetly glides the tranquil river!
Each scene of beauty passing by,
To ocean's breast it flows for ever.
Now in the sunshine sparkling bright,
Hid now awhile in deepest shade;
Through calm, through storm, by day, by night,
Alike its onward course is made.
Here with the willow-bough it plays,
There gently sports with weed or flower,
Yet nought its onward course delays,
Nought stays the progress of each hour.
When all the world is hushed in sleep,
Unchecked, it holds its constant way,
What time the stilly hours creep
From lonesome night to busy day.
As tends this river to the sea,
So every thought and word should tend
Unto that blest eternity
Wherein mortality shall end.
Men mourn not if for life's brief years
Barren hath been the path we've trod,
If it avail, 'mid joy and tears,
To bring us nearer to our God.

W. B. R.

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